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Life's Better Moments.

Life has its moments
Of beauty and bloom;
But they hang like sweet roses
On the edge of the tomb.
Blessings they bring us
As lovely as brief;
They meet us when happy,
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,
Tingling the sky,
Come on the sunbeams,
And off with them fly;
Shadows of evening
Hang soft on the shore,
Darkness enwraps them,
We see them no more.

So life's better moments
In brilliance appear,
Dawning in beauty
Our journey to cheer.
Round us they linger
Like shadows of even;
Would that we, like them,
Might melt into heaven!

From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"May I go on the common to play? I've been a good girl to-day," warbled the dear little pet, Isabel Lee, in a voice that was sweet as the song of a bird at sunlight; and up and down the stairs she went, singing her childish ditty, and searching eagerly for her mother that she might obtain the desired permission.

"Say yes, do now, that's a dear, good mother," she exclaimed, when at length she found herself in the arms of the loved one. "Miss Jane says I've been a *very* good girl, indeed; and she says, too, that air and play will do me much good. And there's no place in all the world where I love so well to play as on that dear old common of ours. I call it our little country, mother, 'cause there aint no houses there, nothing but grass and trees and water."

"And birdlings from human nests," said the mother, as she lovingly kissed the darling. "Yes, you may go, but mind and not play too hard—and be sure, Bell, to get home ere the dinner is ready."

Merrily then pattered the slippered feet after bonnet and cape and hoop—and merrily sang the happy voice:

"I may go on the common to play,
I guess I'll be good then every day!"

Very demurely did the little girl pace the crowded and fashionable thoroughfare; but O, how lightly and joyously she bounded down the stone steps. And once on the gravelled path, with God's green grass beside her—his noble trees arching above her—his free, glad sunshine quivering on their tops, dancing through their interlacing boughs. Here mottling the soft turf, and there bathing it in a golden tide. Once beside the mimic lake, with its leaping, laughing, musical fountain,—once out in that "little country," and Isabel, happiest of the happy, flitted through the long walks, with a step that seemed almost winged, so fleet, so airy was its tread; while her voice rang now in childish glee, and again in birdlike songs; and her pulses beating with quickened life, sent fresh, bright hues to the delicate cheek, gave an added lustre to the brilliant eye, a warm, glad gush to the panting heart, and a thrill of joy to the imprisoned soul. Out on the common she might be what God meant she should be while her years were young. A child, a romping, wild, frolicsome child; and gather in her buoyant sports that strength so needed in the life to come; that vigor which shields the heart from muffled notes. She rolled her hoop; she tossed her velvet ball; she "hipped and hopped to the barber's shop;" she made friends with the little girls who romped beside her, and lent them her hoop while she jumped their rope; she watched the little boys launch their boats, smiled with them when they bore a gallant sail, and spoke a comforting word when they met with a saddening wreck; she played with the babies—gladdened the hearts of the weary nurses with a kind and loving word; and then, fairly tired out, wandered away from the noisy group.

"I wont go home quite yet," said she. "I'll get rested first. Yes, I'll find me a nice, cool, shady place, and sit down there, and think awhile. Mother says it does little girls good to think," and so she tripped away in search of a musing spot.

But suddenly her steps were arrested; the light faded from her joyous eye; the song died on her lip. There, on the green turf beside her, the midsummer sun pouring its torrid rays upon his upturned face, buried in what seemed deathlike slumber, lay a man in the prime of life. Tattered and torn were his garments, a battered hat beside him, a broken bottle clenched in the right hand, a blotted paper in his hand.

"The poor, sick man," said the wondering child, "out here in the hot sun asleep. It's too bad, too bad. How sorry his folks would be if they only knew where he was. He must have been going to the doctor's, for he has a bottle and a paper, and I guess he was so weak he couldn't get there, and fell down. The poor, sick man—how I wish I could make him well."

She looked awhile and then hesitatingly approached him, and sat down beside him. She took out her handkerchief and wiped away the great drops that had gathered on his brow, and then fanned him with that soft, delicate motion which we give to the dying friend. And all the time tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she was wailing with a hushed voice but sobbing heart over his lonely lot. She was wondering if he had a wife and little children—and if they knew how sick he was; and she wished he would wake up and tell her where they lived that she might bring them there.

A long while she sat there, a patient, thoughtful watcher. Only once she ceased the cooling breeze—it was to fold her little hands as she had been taught, and breathe over him a childish prayer. That prayer! The angels hushed their harps to listen, and "there was joy in heaven."

At length the sick man turned and tossed as though his sleep was mostly over. "Poor man," said his little nurse, "poor man, you'll be sore and stiff I'm afraid, sleeping so long on the ground when it rained only last night. Poor man, how sorry I am for you." But now her little cheek is laid close to his bloated face, for his lips murmur and she would hear his words. Broken, indistinct ones they are at first, but then audible and pleading.

"Just one glass more—one, one, only one. I'm dying for it—give, give, one more—only one!"

"He's begging for water," sobbed she as she raised her damp face. "He's dreaming and thinks they wont give it to him. O, if I only had some; it's so hard to want a drink of water and not to have it." Here her eye rested on the broken bottle, and a happy thought struck her. She carefully unclasped his hand, seized the dark glass and hastened to the pond. "It will hold some; it will be better than none," said she, as she dipped it in and bore away the cooling, life-giving draught. She poured a few drops on his parched lips, and then laved his hot forehead and burning cheeks. That water, that dew of human love, dripped through his life pores and down to his very soul. It broke the stupor that palsied his nerves. He opened his heavy eyelids and gazed first vacantly, then wonderingly about him.

"Do you feel any better?" whispered the little girl, in tones low and sweet as the cradle hymn of a mother; "do you feel any better? I'm so sorry for you."

"Better, better," murmured he, "yes, I feel better. But where am I? what am I? I lay down in hell, a devil trampling upon me, and I wake up in heaven an angel watching over me. Aint you an angel? aint I in heaven?" And he seized her hand convulsively.

"Don't say such naughty words," said she; "don't sir, you scare me. No, I aint an angel, nor you aint in heaven. You are out here on the common. I found you here asleep in the sun and I was so sorry for you I sat down and took care of you. I am nothing but a little girl. Shall I give you some more water?" and she held the broken bottle to his lips.

"Water! water! yes, give me some. Water from an angel's hand may save my soul." And he drank, and then he sat up and looked around, and at the little one beside him.

"Little angel, little angel," said he, "there is hope for me yet; hope for me. Heaven sent you to save me. Bless you! bless you, little angel!"

"But I aint an angel," said she, artlessly. "I am only a little girl. Feel of my hand; you couldn't touch me if I was an angel. And see, I haint got no wings either." But he only said, "little angel, little angel," and lay his head in her lap and wept.

"Poor man," said she, as she bathed his hot temples and flushed cheeks; "poor, sick man, I'm so sorry for you. Haint you got any home?" He answered not, but only sobbed the louder.

By-and-by he looked up and said to the pitying child, "little angel, can you pray?"

"Yes, sir, I can. I prayed for you while you was asleep."

"Pray again—pray aloud—let me hear you." And she knelt beside him, clasped her hands and prayed, "Our Father, which art in heaven." When she had ceased he laid his head again upon her lap and sobbed.

"Sha'n't I go and find your folks for you, poor man?" asked she. "It's getting late, and I must go home soon."

"Take me to them, little angel—take me to them," and he seized her hand and led her away out of that beautiful green spot, and across several streets, and down into a dark, gloomy, cellar home.

A pale, haggard looking woman, with a little, purple babe on her lap, sat on a rickety chair, the only one in the room, close to the little window, stitching as fast as her fingers could fly. On a straw bed in the corner lay two other little ones, tossing in fever fits, while a boy of Isabel's age crouched beside them, crying, "O, I'm so hungry!"

"Thank God! you've come back at last, William," said the woman, as they entered.

"Thank God! I've been brought back," said the man, with a choked voice. "And here is the little angel that brought me, saved me. Bless her! Mary; bless her!" and he led the half-scared child to the knees of the wondering wife.

"I aint a little angel," said she. "I'm only a little girl—and I saw him sick and asleep out in the sun, and I fanned him, and brought him water, and took care of him. Weren't you worried about him, so sick?"

"Yes; so sick—so sick," said the man. "And when they ask you what ailed me, tell them I was sin-sick, sin-sick. Go home, now, little angel—go back to heaven; you've saved me, made me well."

With fleet steps Isabel ran off and reached her home, all out of breath, just as her father was descending the steps in search of her.

"O, father! father!" she exclaimed, "come into the house, quick, quick; I want to tell you something." And she heeded not the many questions showered upon her by worried parents till she had told her story.

"And O, father! O, mother! if you could have seen where he lived. A poor, sick man down in a cellar: only think—a damp cellar for a sick man, and nothing but a bed of straw, and two little sick children and one boy crying for something to eat, and a little baby that was half starved; and such a poor, sick looking wife, and only one chair. O, the poor folks!

"And he would have it that I was a little angel—and he told his wife so. But I told him I wasn't, and I told her so; I was only a little girl. But she kissed me over and over again, and said I was a little angel. *Do I look like an angel*, mother? Do let me see," and she ran to a mirror. "Why, no; I look just like what I am, a little girl. What made them call me an angel? Do you know, father? do you know, mother?" But they only clasped her in their arms, and said: "little angel, little angel."

* * * * * * * * *

In the parlor of Mr. W. there hangs an exquisite painting—a little girl is kneeling on the turf, her eyes raised to heaven, and her hands clasped in prayer.

"Is it a portrait?" asked a friend, gazing long and earnestly upon it. For none can look without emotion upon that pictured face.

"It is."

"May I ask of whom?" and he turned to his host—but was surprised to see the great tears rolling down his cheeks.

"That is the little angel," said a bright-eyed boy, who stood beside him. "Father always calls it so."

"And I call it so rightly," said the father, solemnly. "She was a little angel—the angel that made me a man again. That made your mother a happy wife; and you, a little, puny, sickly babe, the bright, glad boy you are."

Yes, thou wert an angel, sweet Isabel. In heaven thou art the little angel still.

Wait Awhile.

Cast a seed into the earth—
Wait awhile;
Cheer the little flow'ret's birth
With a smile;
Shelter it from wind and storm
Sweeping by;
No rude hand let it deform,
Let it die;
In the summer it shall bloom,
Fragrant with a rich perfume,
All your care repaying.

Store with truth an infant's mind,
Wait awhile;
Greet the first fruits that you find
With a smile;
Bid it, with truth's flag unfurled,
Move apace;
In its battles with the world
Teach it grace;
Then, when youthful years have flown,
See the child to manhood grown,
God's whole law obeying.

From the Daily National Era.

The Final Proceedings in the Senate on the Nebraska Bill.

We copy to-day, from the Globe, the record of the proceedings in the Senate, Thursday and Friday, on the Nebraska Bill. It was ordered to be engrossed, Thursday night. Friday it was again taken up, and the debate was continued upon it till Saturday morning, when it was finally passed.

We were mistaken, as the record shows, in relation to the veto prerogative of the Governor, and the revisionary power of Congress.

It will excite some surprise, that throughout the proceedings last Thursday, when it was clearly understood that the votes on the amendments to the Bill, and on its engrossment, would be considered test votes, the largest number of Senators voting at one time did not exceed forty-six. The average vote was about forty—or, say, two thirds of the Senate.

The delinquency was chiefly on the part of the North. Twenty or twenty-three of the thirty Southern Senators were present at the time, voting in solid phalanx against every amendment calculated to liberalize the Bill, and against all opposition to it; the largest number at any one time voting, of the thirty-four free State Senators, was 22.

The Southern delegation never was divided.—On every test question its vote was a unit: at no time did a single Southern Senator vote with the North. On the other hand, the Northern delegation was uniformly divided; twelve free State Senators voting against the engrossment, ten for it.—The Bill, being a Southern measure was carried by Southern votes.

Of the twelve negative votes, all from the North, six were whigs, four administration Democrats, two, Independent Democrats: the ten affirmative votes from the North were all Administration Democrats. The Southern delegation acted without distinction of party, Whigs and Democrats, so called, working in support of the Bill; some of the Whigs, indeed, displaying extraordinary zeal in behalf of this administration measure.

Cooper of Pennsylvania, Allen of R Island, and Everett of Massachusetts, either had paired off, or were absent. Had they and Mr. Phelps of Vermont, whose right to a seat is not yet determined, voted, the negative vote on the engrossment would have been sixteen; representing the entire portion of the delegation from the free States against the Bill.

Houston, Cass and Clayton, who spoke in different ways against the bill, opposed all amendments intended to make it less obnoxious to the people of the North, and on the question of engrossment *did not vote*. General Cass announced the next day that had he been present he would have voted for it. Of course. He is accomplished in the art of speaking one way and voting another. He contents himself like Joseph Surface, with "noble sentiments."

Mr. Chase conducted the opposition to the bill with ability and method, and compelled its supporters to reveal their true position in relation, first, to the right of the territorial Legislature to exclude Slavery, secondly, to the right of self government by the people of a territory. They take the negative on both questions—that is, they deny, by their votes, the right of a people of a territory to govern themselves, and the right of the people, through a Territorial Legislature to exclude Slavery.

The bill contains a provision leaving the people of the Territory "perfectly free to form their institutions in their own way *subject to the Constitution of the United States*." As the South, on whom rests the main responsibility of this measure, and for whose special benefit it is intended, uniformly construed this last limitation as equivalent to a denial of the power of the Territorial Legislature to exclude slavery, Mr. Chase moved to insert immediately after the resolution, the words,

"Under which the people of the territory through their appropriate representatives, may exclude Slavery."

Thirty-six Senators recorded their votes against this amendment, only ten for it. Of the thirty-six, thirteen were northern men, as follows: Broadhead of Pennsylvania, Dodge and Jones of Iowa, Douglas and Shields of Illinois, Gwin and Weller of California, Norris and Williams of New Hampshire, Pettit of Indiana, Stuart of Michigan, Toucey of Conneticut, and Walker of Wisconsin.

We know very well that some of these gentlemen will say, that they hold to the right of the Territorial Legislature to exclude slavery, but they did not choose to vote for any motion coming from the source that amendment came from, or they would not vote for the right of a Territorial Legislature to exclude slavery, unless they could vote for a proposition at the same time in favor of its right to introduce it. But abstract opinions weigh nothing against practical votes. There, upon the record, stand their votes, *against a distinct proposition, affirming the right of the People of a Territory* to exclude slavery—a right not affirmed in the Bill, and yet represented as being affirmed therein, by its northern advocates. If they believe in the existence of the right, then are they inexcusable for joining with southern men in virtually denying it. Only upon the assumption that they do not believe in such a right, can they vindicate the consistency of their vote. Whatever the particular opinions of individuals the record now demonstrates that the majority of the supporters of the Bill in the Senate do not believe that the people of the Territory will have the right to exclude slavery from Nebraska, should the bill pass. Thus has the southern interpretation of the bill prevailed in the Senate by a vote of 36 to 10.

After the supporters of the bill had refused to recognize the right of the people of a territory to exclude slavery, their theory of popular *sovereignty* in the Territories, so clamorously advocated by Messrs. Cass, Douglas, and the Northern advocates of the bill, was brought to the test, and the hollowness of their professions fully exposed.—The amendment of Mr. Chase, providing for the election by the people, by ballot, of a Governor, a Secretary, members of the council, and Judges, was voted down, only ten Senators recording their names for it. The entire Southern vote was against it; and the following Northern men, the majority of them full of "noble sentiments" about the right of self-government, also voted against it:—Broadhead of Pennsylvania, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge and Jones of Iowa, Douglas of Illinois, Gwin of California, Pettit of Indiana, Stuart of Michigan, Williams of New Hampshire.

The only concession made to the principle of self government was an amendment moved by Douglass, substituting a qualfied for an absolute Gubernatorial veto, and striking out the clause subjecting the legislation of the Territory to the revision of Congress. This concession, however, is scarcely more than nominal. It still remains true that this Congressional Bill proposes to ordain the principles, the form and details of a Constitution of Government for the people of a territory; to determine who shall vote, who shall be eligible to office, what offices there shall be, what shall be the term of office; to vest the appointment of the Governor, the Secretary and the Judges, in the President of the United States; and to secure to this Governor a veto power, not to be overcome except by two thirds of each branch of the Legislature;—and all this it does, without pretending to consult the will or opinions of the people thus legislated for,—the supporters of the bill all the while affecting profound indignation against the opponents of the bill as enemies to the great American, Democratic doctrine of self-government!

The next amendment of Mr. Chase was, to substitute one territory, for the two proposed by the bill. The effect, if not the intent of the policy of two Territories, is, to double the amount of Executive patronage, thus increasing the chances of the passage of the bill, and to secure to Slavery immediate practical benefits in at least one of the Territories. Of course, the amendment was voted down, as follows:

For the amendment—Messrs. Chase, Fessenden, Foot, Hamlin, Seward, Smith, Sumner and Wade—8.

Against it—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Badger, Bell, Benjamin, Broadhead. Brown, Butler, Clay, Dawson, Dixon, Dodge of Wisconsin. Dodge of Iowa Douglass, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Gwin, Houston, Hunter, Johnson, Jones of Iowa, Jones of Tennessee, Mason, Morton, Norris, Pettit, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Slidell, Stuart, Walker, and Williams—34.

The two Senators from Wisconsin who voted on the question of engrossment with the real opponents of the Bill, in accordance with the known will of their State, voted in this case, as in several others, with the supporters of it.

The argument that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise would revive the old Slave Code of Louisiana in the Territory, has been used in New Hampshire and other quarter with some effect.—We have never much attached importance to it. It rather diverted attention from the real issue involved in the repeal of the Compromise—the claim of the Slaveholders, in virtue of the Constitution, to carry their Slaves into the Territory. Upon the constitution, not the old Slave Code of Louisiana, do they rest the claim to people Nebraska with Slaves. The truth is, we suppose they concurred with Mr. Douglass in his opinion on this point, expressed in his speech of the 30th of January.

Speaking of the condition of Nebraska at the time of the admission of Missouri, he said:

"Slavery did not exist in, nor was it excluded from, the country now known as Nebraska. There was no code of laws upon the subject of Slavery either way: first, for the reason that Slavery had never been introduced into Louisiana, and established by positive enactment; it had grown up there by a sort of common law, and had been supported and protected. When a common law grows up, when an institution becomes established under a usage, it carries it so far as that usage goes, and no further."

Remembering all this, the introduction of the following amendment by Mr. Badger, and its passage by Southern votes, aided by Northern supporters of the Bill, will awaken no surprise:

"*Provided*, That nothing herein contained shall be construed to revive or put in force any law or regulation which may have existed prior to the act of the 6th of March, 1820, either protecting, establishing, prohibiting or abolishing Slavery."

In conceding this, reasoned the Southern Senators among themselves, "we concede nothing—for the old slave code extended only so far as the usage of Slavery went, and that never reached Nebraska. But owing to the predjudice created against the Bill at the North, by the apprehended revival of this imaginary code, this amendment will be received as a great concession, and produce a reaction highly favorable to the measure. In fact it may secure the election in New Hampshire."

General Cass was not slow in illustrating the use that is to be made of it. He was penetrated with gratitude to Mr. Badger for introducing such an amendment.

"I wish," said he, in the Senate yesterday, "to express my gratification at the adoption of the amendment proposed by the honorable Senator from North Carolina. [Mr. Badger.] and my thanks to him for it. Although it is an act of justice which I believe almost every Senator from the South who had touched upon the subject agreed to, it is no less an act of conciliation which will be very acceptable to the North, and remove many objections to the bill, and I trust it will be an example to be followed hereafter. *I believe myself that the passage of this bill, with that provision, will close the fountain of the bitter waters of agitation.* Having said this, I ask for the yeas and nays upon the question of the final passage of the bill."

Now, mark; the advocates of the bill at the North will proclaim this amendment of Mr. Badger as a triumph over Slavery—a plain indication that the bill is really an anti Slavery measure, designed in good faith to leave the people of the Territory perfectly free to exclude Slavery, without obstruction from any pre-existing law. All we have to say is, if the people of the North suffer themselves to be gulled by so transparent a trick they should have guardians appointed to take care of them.

Only one important amendment remains to be noticed. Slaveholders look with distrust on the large influx of foreign immigrants—people whose habits and feelings are hostile to slavery, and who prefer settlement in free rather than slave territory. The West is the favorite section of these immigrants, especially of the enterprising, hardy Germans; and it is well understood that the moment Nebraska shall be opened, for settlement, they will begin to pour into it. Under the laws of some of the Western States, settlement and the usual oath to become a citizen, are held to be sufficient to enable an immigrant to vote—a wise and sound democratic policy. The great majority of such immigrants are landholders, pay taxes, and have chosen this country for their permanent home.—Why should they be denied a voice in the election of their Law makers?

But, to allow such a provision in the Nebraska Bill might interfere with the policy of peopling Nebraska or Kansas with slaves. In view of this consideration, we can easily understand the meaning of the following proceedings:

"Mr. Clayton moved to amend by striking out, in the provision conferring the right of suffrage and holding office, these words:

"And those who shall have declared on oath their intention to become such, and shall have taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and the provisions of this act."

So that it shall read:

"*Provided*, That the right of suffrage and of holding office shall be exercised only by citizens of the United States."

Mr. Seward called for the yeas and nays, and they were ordered.

After debate, in which Messrs. Walker, Pettit, Adams, and Chase, took part, the question was taken by yeas and nays on the amendment, with with the following result:

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Badger, Bell, Benjamin, Brodhead, Brown, Butler, Clay, Clayton, Dawson, Dixon, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Houston, Hunter, Johnson, Jones of Tennessee, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Sebastian, and Slidell—23.

Nays—Messrs. Chase, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Fessenden, Fish, Foot, Gwin, Hamlin, Jones of Iowa, Norris, Pettit, Seward, Shields, Smith, Stuart, Sumner, Toucey, Wade, Walker, and Williams—21.

So it was agreed to.

When the Bill with the amendments was reported, as from the Committee of the Whole, to the Senate, a vote was again taken on this amendment, specially, with the following result:

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Badger, Bell, Benjamin, Brodhead, Brown, Butler, Clay, Dawson, Dixon, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Houston, Hunter, Johnson, Jones of Tennessee, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Sebastian, and Slidell—22.

Nays—Messrs. Chase, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Fessenden, Fish, Foot, Hamlin, James, Jones of Iowa, Norris, Pettit, Seward, Shields, Smith, Stuart, Sumner, Wade, Walker, and Williams—20.

So it was concurred in.

All the Slaveholders voting for it. So the Bill, under the influence of the Ruling Class, excludes all foreign immigrants in the Territory, no matter how devoted their attachment to the country, no matter how large may be their property interests in the Territory, no matter how intelligent, industrious, enterprising, no matter though they may constitute a majority of the population, and their labor be the principal source of its wealth, from a right to vote and take any part in the local Government that prescribes laws to them, until they have been five years in the country. Two or three hundred slaveholders from Missouri and other States may carry slaves into the Territory, legislate for the protection of slave labor, and five thousand German settlers, free laborers, who have just made oath of their intention to become citizens, and bought land in the Territory, shall have no voice in its Government, no power to protect themselves against the degrading competition of Slavery?

How do our German fellow citizens like it? Surely, they will say, Cass and Douglas, the distinguished Democrats who have so loudly denounced an illiberal policy towards foreigners, did not vote for the Bill, after Mr. Clayton's amendment was incorporated in it. The record shows. At seven minutes past five, Saturday morning, March 4th, the Bill, with this clause to reduce the political power of foreign immigrants, was finally passed by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Badger, Bayard, Benjamin, Brodhead, Brown, Butler, Cass, Clay, Dawson, Dixon, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Geyer, Gwin, Hunter, Johnson, Jones of Iowa, Jones of Tennessee, Mason, Morton, Norris, Pettit, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Slidell, Stuart, Thompson of Kentucky, Thompson of New Jersey, Toucey, Weller, and Williams—37.

Nays—Messrs. Bell, Chase, Dodge of Wisconsin, Fessenden, Fish, Foot, Hamlin, Houston, James, Seward, Smith, Sumner, Wade, and Walker—14.

Cass, Douglas, and all of that class, voting in the affirmative. Bell and Houston were the only Southern Senators who voted against the Bill. Let this fact be remembered to their honor. Twenty-three of the thirty-seven affirmative votes were cast by the South; twelve of the negative votes, by the North. A *Northern* measure, is it?

It should be recorded in a distinct paragraph, that—

Mr. Senator Clayton refused to vote for or against the Bill, both on the engrosement and the final passage.

The record is before the country. The Northern Senator who have thus voted to repeal the Missouri Compromise, and open Nebraska to Slavery—who have refused to reconize by a distinct vote the right of the People of a Territory to exclude slavery, a right denied by the South—who have refused to allow the people of a territory the right to elect their Governor and their Judges, and made the power of the Governor equal two thirds of the members of the Legislature; and who, on the final vote, sustained a Bill reducing the just political power of foreign immigrants, settlers in the Territory are doubtless willing to answer for their conduct before the great Tribunal of the People.

These northern Senators are—Norris and Williams, of New Hampshire; Toucey, of Connaticut, Thompson and Wright, of New Jersey; Brodhead, of Pennsylania; Cass and Stuart, of Michigan; Pettit, of Indiana; (and his colleague, Mr. Bright, had he been present would doubtless have voted with him;) Douglas and Shields, of Illinois; Jones and Dodge, of Iowa. To the People they appeal for the justification of their acts.

Let the People decide, If New Hampshire, in the coming election should give an Administration majority, choose a Legislature that will ratify the conduct of Messrs. Norris and Williams, it will be evidence sufficient that the majority of the People of that State approve of the Bill and of the proceedings of its supporters. Let the test be applied in all the States.—There is not one of these gentlemen who will not probably come before the People, at one time or another, as a candidate for office; and he can have no objection to a popular verdict upon his action on this great measure. Let the record then be read, and let the People say, by voting for or against him, whether he fairly represented their will, or not. This is the manly, consistent, Democratic way of doing business between the principal and agent—the People and their Senators and Representatives. If the People mean to hold their agents to this accountability, their demonstrations now are worth something; if they do not, why trouble themselves?

The Duped One.

The jib is up and I am flung
Sky high, and worse than that,
The girl whose praises I have sung
With pen, with pencil and with tongue,
Said "No!"—and I felt flat.

Oh! what a story to be told—
Just think how I've been running—
And spoiling boots, and catching cold,
And then—how cheaply I was sold,
By woman's eyes and cunning.

But, thank my stars, once more I'm free
From woman's thrall and drinking,
And when again a girl fools me
Exceeding smart I think she'll be—
'Some punkins," now, I'm thinking.

SPOONS.

Sunday-ings.

A simple incident which occured at Dr. M'Crie's chapel, in regard to coughing in church strongly impressed me with a sense of his sagacity. There was a great deal of coughing in the place, the effect of a recent change of weather, and the doctor, whose voice was not a strong one, and who seemed somewhat annoyed by the ruthless interruptions, stopping suddenly short in the middle of his argument, made a dead pause. When people are taken greatly by surprise, they cease to cough—a circumstance on which he had evidently calculated.—Every eye was now turned towards him, and for a full minute so dead was the silence that one might easily have heard a pin drop.

"I see my friends," said the docter, resuming his speech with a suppressed smile—"I see you can be all quiet enough when I am quiet."

There was not a little genuine strategy in the rebuke; and as a cough lies a good deal more under the influence of the will, than most coughers suppose, such was its effect, that during the rest of the service there was not a tithe of the previous coughing.

How Men "Bust Up."—Men with unassuming wives never bust. It is the husbands of such women as Mrs. Dash and Lady Brilliant, who find themseves face to face with the Sheriff, and certain mysterious documents adorned with red tape and wafers big enough for target exercise.

The desire of a New York feminine is to outshine her neighbors—not in mental acquirements, but in gingerbread ornaments and gold edged coal scuttles. If Mrs. Dash gives a game supper—woodcook stuffed with gold dust—Lady Brilliant takes the wind out of her sail by getting up another, in which the prevailing dish will be birds of paradise, swimming in a gravy made of melted pearls. It is this rivalry, and not "dabling in railroad stocks," that brings ruination to the fast men of Wall st. The "ill fortune" of which they complain, it is no more or less than a brainless wife. If they would come back to happiness, they should direct their attention, not to the fluctuations of the stock market, but to the ruinous absurdities of their own fireside. Thousand dollar repasts don't pay, while the merchant who purchases hundred dollar hankerchiefs for 'a duck of a wife," should not wonder if the time eventually came when "a goose of a husband" lacked shirts, and was but ill supplied with breeches.

The Methodist denomination in New York has spread and increased after an extraordinary manner, doing great credit to the zeal, liberality and labor of its ministers and members. Scarcely is there a hamlet throughout the length and breadth of our land where the Methodists have not already established their services.—They have been pioneer missionaries at home and abroad. In our larger towns their numbers are very considerable. It appears, however, by a late number of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, the organ of this denomination, that there has been a considererable falling off in the number of the Methodists in the city of New York, during the last ten years.

The number in 1843 was 9,870; in 1845, 9,571; in 1847, 9 326; in 1849. 8,893; in 1851, 9 289; in 1853, 9,319. In 1843, the population of New York was 357 874, and the proportion of the members of this denomination to the population was 1 to 36. In 1853, the population was 602,075, and the proportion 1 to 64.

This scrap tells the story of many poor a editor. As a safeguard to themselves, and a warning to "light fingered gentry," not to waste their time, editors would do well to wear a badge of some kind, distinguishing them from the rest of mankind:

An editor lately had his wallet abstracted by a pickpocket, at one of our State Fairs; but containing nothing more than the ordinary currency of the fraternity, it was returned by express with the following note enclosed;

"You miserabil skunk, hears your pocit book. I don't keep no sick. Fur a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wallit with nuthing in it but a lot of noosepaper scraps, an ivery tooth cumb, too noosepaper stamps, an' pass from a raleroad directur, is a contemterble imposition on the publick. As I heer yeor a editur, I return yeor trash. I never robs any only gentlemen."

Goldsmith knew a thing or two. He always considered the person whose clothes were extremely fine as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.